MR. BAYARD IN LONDON.

THE DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOR BY MR. MATHER AT THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB-WHO WERE PRESENT AND WHAT THE SIGNIFICANCE IS

OF SUCH AN INCIDENT. The United States Ambassador dined on Wednesday evening at the Devananire Club as the guest of Mr. Mather, M. P., who had asked some thirty men of distinction in public life to meet him. A compliment of this nature is not unprecedented but is unusual, and the gathering of such a company is good evidence that Mr. Bayard is thought by Londoners an interesting personage. Mr. William Mather, his bost, is member for the Gorton division of Southeast Lancashire and head of the Salford ironworks firm of Mather & Pratt. An engineer and a Home Ruler; so that the most rigid Irish American need not feel called upon to consider his cause in peril from those social influences which are sometimes believed to impair the purity of American devotion to American principles when the American, be he Ambassador or not, dwells

You, or some of you, at home must know Mr. Mather for he has visited America, and studied the country from the technical instruction point of view, and made a report on that subject to a Royal Commission. In the House he is a silent member, as so many others of its most useful embers are; but is none the less an influential person whose opinion is valued. He conceived the notion of a representative dinner to the American Ambassador; a dinner at which our Envoy should meet at the same table men of all parties. If this again should offend any Irish-American susceptibilities, I hope to soothe them by saying that Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Arthur O'Connor were of the party. No Irish patriot will question the soundness of their views on Home Rule; using Irish patriot for the moment as synonymous with Irish Nationalist. There were, moreover, English Home Rulers, including Mr. Fowler of Wolverhampton, now Secretary of State for India; Mr. Campbell Bannerman-but he is not English, he is Scotch-Minister of War; Professor Bryce,-no. he is not English either, but he is President of the Board of Trade; and Sir George Trevelyan, Scotch Secretary. Thus far, my endeavor to name English Home Rulers has been, with one exception, a failure. But these four gentlemen are, at any rate, all Home Rulers and all Cabinet Ministers in a more or less Home Rule Government.

Then there were the two chief Whips of the party, Mr. Tom Ellis, who is a Welshman, and the very genial and popular Mr. William Me-Arthur, who would be an Englishman if he were not an Australian by birth; I believe the first member of the House of Commons known to have been born in New South Wales, or in any other part of Australia or of Australasia. The late Conservative Government was represented by Sir James Fergusson and by Mr. Walter Long. The Liberal Unionists had a delegate in the person of Sir Henry James, and there were many others of all three sections of the House, including Mr. Leveson-Gower, Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, and our friend Mr. Mundella, who lately resigned the Board of Trade. The hated Peer was absent; altogether absent, and it, did not become necessary to raise the House of Lords question in any shape. Primarily, it was a House of Commons dinner.

Mr. Mather explained in the course of the amiable speech of welcome which he delivered after dinner that he desired to show the American Ambassador what good friends in private political opponents could be, no matter what they said of each other from opposite sides of the House. Mr. Bayard is a rather frequent attendant in the Diplomatic Gallery. He was, I believe, present on Tuesday evening when the Irish scene broke out so suddenly. At any rate, he has often been there when the proceedings were of an animated kind. He would appreciate the more the scene of last evening at the Devonshire Club. If he were in any doubt as to its true character, he would have been enlightened by Sir George Trevelyan, who, in proposing the health of the host, described it as the most representative gathering he had ever seen in Engeorge Trevelyan is a good witness. out from his youth upward. He is, moreover, a partisan, and an extreme partisan; a Liberal who cannot conceive of political salvation outside of the Liberal fold. He has tried it and ought to know. But in his speech there was no trace of political bitterness, or even of politics. If such a man could take part in a mixed festivity of this kind, the last remaining scruple of the Irish American ought to vanish.

I will go so far as to say in a parenthesis which may be a long one, and might be longer if other matters did not press, that he would well advised to renounce all apprehensions of this kind, once for all and for all time. I am not sanguine enough to imagine that he will do it upon my suggestion, or that he would listen to an appeal from me if I were disposed to make one, which I am not. What I say I say in his interest, not in mine, and in the interest of all those good An ericans who prefer facts to fancles and fallacies and illusions, all springing from a plentiful lack of acquaintance with the conditions of life as they really are in London and in England generally. I have known a good many American Ministers and one American Ambassador. Among them all there was never one who, whatever his other faults might be, was capable of allowing himself to be swayed by considerations which at a distance are so often believed to have a deleterious effect on the diplomatic mind.

That social influences are strong is beyond doubt; and that they have their part in the work of diplomacy is equally certain. But the clever diplomatist is he who uses them; that is part of his business; not to yield to them or to be affected by them. He knows that they are brought to bear on him, in certain circumstances and by certain well-known methods. If he does not know that, he does not know the rudiments of his profession He is on his guard against them from the beginning and he remains on his guard against them to the end. Ask any of them, and that is what they will tell you. Theirs is not an innocence to be surprised by the unexpected, like a girl's. If they had not been forewarned otherwise they would have plenty of storm signals from the other side of the Atlantic and especially from a portion of the American press, where they used to be holsted regardless of the weather and kept up whether a gale were blowing or summer zephyrs prevailed.

nem from the beginning and he remains on is guard against them to the end. Ask any of sem. and that is what they will tell you, heirs is not an innocence to be surprised by the nexpected, like a girl's. If they had not been rewarned otherwise they would have plenty of rorwarned otherwise they would have plenty of the surprised by the nexpected, like a girl's. If they had not been rewarned otherwise they would have plenty of the surprised by the port of the surprised by the nexpected like a girl's. If they had not been rewarned otherwise they would have plenty of the surprised by the port of miles around, when he described her as a typical châtelaine of that fair land of France, which we the low the particle of foreign extraction who more in the head of the surprised by the port of miles around, when he described her as a typical châtelaine of that fair land of France, which we have surprised by the port of the praises are sung in ownder, then, that her paises are sung in the surprised by the poor for miles around. It was shown of the men who may an adams but the Adams who told Lord John Russell, when he green flag over the City Hall who are so olicitous for the Stars and Stripes abroad. It merican interests. It is the men who has the word policitous for the Stars and Stripes abroad. It merican interests. It is the men who has the wrong way and to the wrong men. That is the wrong way and to the wrong men. That is the wrong way and to the wrong men. That is the wrong way and to the wrong men. That is the wrong way and to the wrong men. That is the wrong way and to the wrong men. That is the wrong way and to the wrong men in whom the granite of their active New-England went to the making of the New-Englan Minister, the patriots of foreign extraction who concern themselves with American affairs and, in no small measure, direct them, used to remonstrate with that lineal descendant of two American Presidents on the dangers into which the sirens of English society might lead him. An Adams and not American enough, -such was the burden of this Irish refrain. Not only an Adams but refused to stop the Alexandra, "This is war"ticians of New-Tork could not trust to defend American interests. It is the men who hoist the green flag over the City Hall who are so am siad they are. I hope every American is.
But I think this solicitude is sometimes shown in the wrong way and to the wrong men. That is Lowell was Minister and again while Mr. Phelps was,-two men in whom the granite of their native New-England went to the making of

The criticism in all these cases proceeded on two grounds; one, that all company-keeping with all English men and women, whatever their

Forty million dollars already saved living policy holders by reduction of premiums. Eighty Thousand paying Members. Two Hundred and Sixty Million Dollars insurance in force. Three Million Six Hundred Thousand Cash Surplus-Reserve—Energency Fund. More than Sixty Million Dollars new business for the year 1803. These are a few practical results already recorded to the credit

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION. E. B. HARPER, President.
Home Office, Mutual Reserve Building. Broadway, corner of Duane-st., New-York.

send for circulars and rates. politics, was destructive of the Americanism of

an American Minister. Perhaps that requires no further notice. The other ground was political. It was Tory or Conservative influence which the patriot dreaded. To that, perhaps, Mr. Mather's dinner is a good enough answer; a dinner by a good Home Ruler to an American Ambassador, with Home Rulers and Conservatives lying comfortably down together.

These are general reflections and they relate to the past. They certainly have no applicability to Mr. Bayard except so far as this; that Mr. Bayard is, like the best of his predecessors, a man of the world, experienced, shrewd, acquainted with the society of Washington and London alike, and as little likely to be diverted by social sirens from the direct line of his diplomacy as General Patrick Collins himself, who now hoists the American banner-not, so far as I know, the green flag-over the Consulate-General of the United States in London. May I venture to hint at the probability that General Collins also accepts English hospitalities? He at least gives dinners and very good ones, and the giving of dinners implies, as a rule, accepting them. Is there then an Irish American who doubts General Collins? Of course there is not. But there is exactly the same reason for suspecting his patriotic imperturbability as there was for suspecting Mr. Adams or Mr. Lowell or Mr. Phelps; no more and no less. I have never heard that Mr. Bayard has become a suspect. Politically, he stands where General Collins stands. Yet I shall be surprised if some wearer of the green does not presently take up a querulous attitude to him also. He may do it on account of this very dinner which I began to describe as good evidence of the contrary-good evidence that politics have nothing to do with that intercourse between men and men which we call social.

On the point of good fellowship and good feeting between men of opposite parties, Sir Henry James told a story which I think I may quote. A French friend, high up in politics, came to London to pay him a visit. He went to the House of Commons and heard a debate. He heard his friend Sir Henry and Mr. Goschen speak on different sides, as they then were. Both are hard hitters, and the discussion became more or less personal. Next morning the Frenchman departed to his own home, and a week or two later wrote Sir Henry that he had looked every

later wrote Sir Henry that he had looked every day in the papers for the account of the duel which, after what had been said in the House, he supposed to be inevitable. But he had seen no narrative and he desired to be informed of the fate of his friend. Sir Henry replied to the Frenchman simply that if he had remained another day in London he would have met Mr. Goschen next night at his house at dinner.

Mr. Mather's efforts, nevertheless, were not thrown away either on Mr. Bayard or on any of the other guests. In his own speech he showed how American an Englishman can be, and, if I did not fear it might do our Ambassador an Irreparable injury, I would add that Mr. Bayard's speech showed how English an American can be. In other words, both discovered a common ground on which they could stand. Points of harmony are, after all, more numerous than points of difference. Mr. Justin McCarthy took credit to himself for his Americanism. Mr. Campbell Bannerman, a Scot every inch of him, assumed the accent of New-York. Everybody took credit to himself for his Americanism. Mr. Campbell Bannerman, a Scot every inch of him, assumed the accent of New-York. Everybody who spoke spoke as if he and all those about him were of one race, which is true if you look at long descent and not at the political separations of the day. Is there any harm in this? Is there not some good?

Mr. Bayard, of course, who knew England long before he became Ambassador, knew that Englishmen can shake hands after a hard-fought

Englishmen can shake hands after a hard-fought round. There is no novelty in that. The novelty is in assembling so many irreconcilable opponents of so many parties expressly to meet each other, and to do honor to a man from whom they all must differ in many material matters. They all, I think, understand each other the better, and understood Mr. Bayard and his country the better for their agreeable evening. They understood, at any rate, that he has the secret of easy and effective after-dinner oratory. He was sheep," and the other, "Through much tethulation." easy and effective after-dinner oratory. He was genial as well as dignified. Do you think, or does the Irish American think, that the interests of either country are unfavorably affected by such an incident? I hope not. If they do, let them come to London and dine with Mr. Mather, and be converted to true views.

G. W. S.

MME. CASIMIR-PERIER.

SHE IS FOND OF COUNTRY LIFE-A POPULAR WOMAN.

From The Lady.

Though a thorough mondaine, Mme. la Présidente adores country life, and passes most of her time at Pont-sur-Seine in educating her two children, a boy and a gir.. Few Parislennes are more cultured than she who now shares the highest position in France with her husband. She is one of the very few women occupying enviable positions in society



MME. CASIMIR-PERIER.

good temper, for nobody can recall a harsh word spoken by her.

Their wealth will enable the Casimir-Periers to more than maintain the reputation of the Elysée for hospitality; and it is quite possible that during their reign we shall witness something like the fêtes which distinguished the Empire—so far. of course, as is compatible with the stricter regime of Republicanism.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SUBJECTS PICT-URED IN THE EIGHTEEN PANELS OF

Now that the new tower door in Trinity Church has been put in place, the splendid Astor me is finished, and one of the finest works of art in the

Practical Results—13 Years' Work.

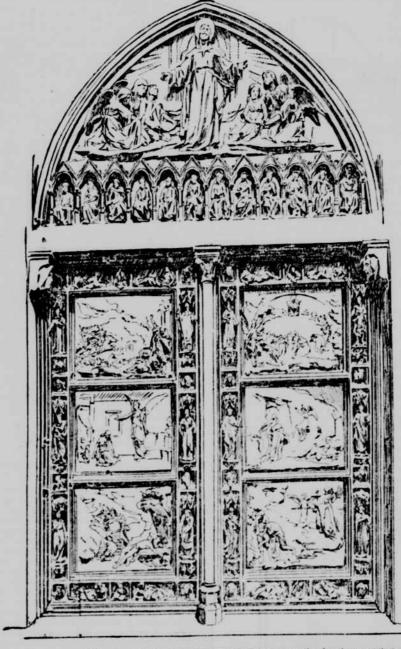
EIGHTEEN MILLION ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY
THOUSAND DOLLARS ALREADY PAID TO
WIDOWS AND ORPANS.

Forty million deliars already saved living policy holders by reduction of premiums. Eighty Thousand paying

The door at the south entrance (C. B. Niehaus, sculptor) is the most interesting to many, as it represents modern historical incidents. The are scenes in the history of the parish and Man-hattan Island. In No. 1 Hendrick Hudson is seen in his ship off Manhattan Island in the year 1609. is finished, and one of the finest works of art in the country is completed. The memorial consists of three bronze doors—for the tower and the north and south entrances. Each door has two leaves and there are three panels in every leaf. They were all cast in solid bronze, and the cost was said to have been \$100,000.

On March 10, 1890, the vestry of Trinity Parish held a meeting and received a letter from William Waldorf Astor, saying he wished to give three bronze doors for the principal entrances of the parish church, as a memorial to his father, John Jacob Astor. He asked the vestry to authorize him to carry out his intention. This resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That the offer of Mr. William Waldorf Astor to place at the main and two side entrances of Trinity Church a set of bronze doors in remembrance of his late father's long attendance upon the services of the church and of his connection with This subject was selected as it was just before the



rector for approval."

Richard M. Hunt, the architect, was employed by Mr. Astor to furnish plans and to superintend the construction of the doors. The architect asked the rector. Dr. Morgan Dix, for suggestions for the eighteen panels of the doors. It was proposed at first that the tower or main entrance should have shall we enter into the Kingdom. the tower entrance would give a symbolical view of the redemption and salvation of man, and the other doors would illustrate the trials of the faithful on earth. These ideas were carried out, with the exception of the south door. This illustrates incidents in the history of the parish instead of the trials of Christians in this world.

A number of men submitted designs of a panel representing the expulsion from Paradise. They were all excellent, but Mr. Hunt feared that if only one artist did the whole work it would not make much variety in the ideas and execution, so the happy idea occurred to him to employ the three best competitors and let each one take a door. The main entrance was assigned to Carl Bitter; J. Massey Rhind took the north, and C. B. Niehaus the south door.

THE TOWER DOOR.

"Thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers" is the theme for the main door. The panels should be examined in pairs, and to get the full idea of the scheme of the work one must begin at the lowest ones. These panels concern the advent of Christ; the next pair His life on earth, and the last His reign in Heaven. The expulsion from Paradise occupies the first panel. This shows the fall of man, and in the second panel is presented Jacob's dream. The act of the angels ascending the stairway to heaven indicates the restoration of man to his lost glory. Panel No. 3 shows the annunciation of the Virgin, and the empty tomb of the Risen Lord occupies its companion panel. This is symbolical of the victory of Life over Death.

Two visions from the Revelation of St. John the

Divine are shown in the last two panels. One pictures the worship of the Church before the Throne on High, and in the other the angels of God cast down the "kings of the earth from their proud strongholds, and vengeance is executed upon sin, hell and death." It is a representation of the tri-umph of Divine justice over an "ungodly and rebellious world." The Apostles appear on the transom above the leaves of the door, seated on twelve thrones, according to the promise of Christ. These figures and the figures of the Lord, stretching forth His arms in welcome to the faithful, and His attendants, in the tympanum, are of stone.



PANEL FROM THE NORTH DOOR.

Many smaller sculptures are also included in the sent Mortality, Sin, Time and Tradition. Two more recumbent figures above panels five and six represent Eternity and Divine Justice. The former is over the worship of the Church in Heaven, and the latter surmounts the picture of the last days. The other statues represent Abraham, Moses, Aaron, Joshua, St. John the Evangelist, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. Paul, St. Jerome, St. Athanasius, St. Ignatius of Antioch, and St. Basil.

THE NORTH DOOR.

The north door (J. Massey Rhind, sculptor) illustrates the words of Christ: "I am the Poor of the Sheep." The different panels show how men have been brought out of tribulation to rest. The scenes are as follows, beginning at the bottom: The Passover; illustrating the flight for safety to a city of refuge, as told in Deuteronomy xix, 1-3; Paul and



which is more elaborate, took much longer to finish. These works of art have commanded the highest admiration from persons competent to judge, and it is said that they compare favorably with any bronze work of the kind in the world. The panels look more like pletures than sculptures. The perspective in some of the panels is said to be remarkably fine.

Trinity Church is a treasure-house of art works. The splendid reredos of Caen stone, with its multitude of elaborate carvings, is alone worth a journey. The beautiful altar of marble, with its exquisite mosaics and almost priedess jewelled cross, is

Benyenuto Coronaro, the composer of "Festa Marina," whose "Claudia" is to be given at the Milan Scala Theatre this season, recently published some reminiscences in one of the Italian musical papers. He was serving once in the army, and was melody came to him. He could not get rid of it He heard it above the "toots" of the trumpets and the beat of the drums. The soldiers themselves

forget the melody; it was necessary to write it down. Taking courage, he drew his notebook from his pocket and began to write. Of course he lost his place in the ranks, and the sergeant hurried "Are you crazy?" he asked. "Take your place in

the company at once!"
."But I cannot," cried Coronaro. "I must write this down," and be began to whistle the tune in the

this down," and be began to whistle the tune in the face of the under officer.

"That was too much," says the composer. "He drew his sword, and was about to strike me over the back when the captain appeared. The sergeant made a report, while I continued to write.

"What are you writing?" thundered the captain, I handed him the notebook, which he read quickly.

"The man is to continue writing," he went on. But if that piece tand he pointed to the sheet of paper in my hand) is not played by the regimental band to-morrow morning, he will be put in prison for eight days." He then put spurs to his horse and disappeared.

"The band played the piece on the following day."

A NEW CALKING SUBSTANCE.

From The Pail Mail Gazette.

The Franco-American Cellulose Company have been carrying out some very interesting experiments at Philadelphia with a composition of cellulose, called the "Colonies Life and Ship Protector," which is said to swell so energetically when in contact with water as to be an ideal stopping for shot holes or rents under or in the neighborhood of the waterline arising from whatever cause. The experiments, which were carried out by means of holes of various sizes made in large from tanks were entirely successful, the most striking, perhaps, being when a rent 21 inches by 5 inches was plugged within one and one-half minutes by the patent cellulose, though subject to a twelve-foot water pressure. We hear that this composition is to be supplied to all cruizers and battle-ships in the United States Navy. From The Pall Mall Gazette.

PURSUIT WAS IN VAIN.

From The Chicago Record.

MODERNIZING ROME.

THE CHANGES ARE DISCREET.

SENTIMENTALISTS NEED NOT WORRY-WALLING IN THE TIBER-THE MODERN BUILDINGS IN SIMPLE, REFINED STYLE.

Some time ago there was printed in "The Fortnightly Review" a violent protest against the modernizing of Rome. The writer, Ouida, characterized as vandals all those "improvers," who, for the sake of sordid pelf, were "improving" the Eternal City out of existence and leaving only the commonplace memorials of time. The protest was in part justifiable. Old buildings had been torn down and new ones erected in their place when there was plenty of good space available elsewhere from the speculative purposes. The building mania in Rome, a movement which has burdened the city with many useless edifices, has been actuated, undoubtedly, by a spirit indifferent to the damage done to the great legacy of antiquity. But that legacy remains and will remain substantially what it has been for centuries; and though it is a graceless and thankless task to defend the so-called vandal, it is perhaps worth while to point out, not in his name, but in the name of common-sense, the true value of such diatribes as the one referred to above. There have been many of them. Madame de la Ramée's has been the most conspicuous, but every old sojourner in Rome has had his fling; and there are travellers who say that in much less than a decade landmarks familiar to them have disappeared. The city is being modernized at lightning speed, they say; and their implication always is that the modernization is far the worse. This, it may be averred with energy, is specifically false and ridiculous. Rome is becoming more and more modern every

day, as it must with a population of half a million moderns within its walls. But it is not being disfigured. In order to confirm this judgment the writer has made a detailed survey of the entire city, studying particularly those portions of it in the neighborhood of the Quirinal, Viminal and Esquiline hills, in Trastever, and adjacent to the Corso and the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, where the building operations of recent years have been most extensive. Not public buildings alone have been observed, but the huge apartment-houses and tenements which have especially roused the ire of the sentimentalists. When one of the latter was interrupted the other day in full discourse on the defacing character of these buildings, and requested to analyze the basis of his critical wrath, he was soon driven to admit that he had logically no basis at all. The house at the moment in question was not beautiful, but neither was it ugly. On the contrary, it was designed in an inoffensive style, formed to a great extent upon the palaces of the Renaissance. Because its designer was evidently not a man of originality, he had produced no new combination of old motives; and because his talents. whatever they were, were small, he had not accomplished particularly interesting proportions. Yet he had revealed most precious qualities. He had good taste, reticence, sobriety and a sound conception of the merits of simplicity. His building was a solid and severely plain work of conscientious, conventional architecture, with windows and doors distributed intelligently; with ornamentation applied most discretely, and with the whole finished off by a really attractive cornice. There was nothing in it to offend the eye. Compared with a building of Perozzi's, it was matter of fact and dry, but compared with the average buildings of its own class anywhere else in Europe or in America it not only held its own, it was superior. It was superior, because it avoided altogether the heaviness which distinguishes much English work; the superficial, thin style so often encountered under the ugly mansard roof in France, the cumbrous, over-decorative manner of the Germaus, and the vulgarity which has continued to make so many of our

This superiority is claimed not alone for the single example selected for illustration but for the great mass of modern work in Rome. Not one building can be recalled that falls below a certain excellent standard of simple, refined style; and when the private houses are dismissed and the public edifices approached it is found that they are equally encouraging. The immense Nazionale, and the large school building recently erected on the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, have both been projected on admirable lines of simpilcity and repose, and they are quite typical of the kind of work that is done whenever problems of similar nature are presented to the Roman architects. The travertine, stucco and cement variously employed in the construction of both public and private facades present agreeable tones of color to the eye. The stone is of a creamy tint which, as ancient buildings show, grows only more beautiful with age. The stucco and cement are treated with coats of brown, tawny yellow and stone gray paint, as the case may be. The result, so far as color goes, is often pleasing and always inoffensive. Remembering that the general outlines and details of the buildings are, as has been said, in the same orderly, neutral tone, the reader will perceive that Rome, more than most modern cities, is free from restless, discordant features of architecture. The sky-scraper is as yet unknown, and party-colored schemes of brick, stone, terra-cotta and painted iron are also in the future. Some people demur to the Italian custom of disguising the stucco and cement used in some of

the buildings by imitation of the texture, cuttings and color of stone. The objection is well grounded. Good architecture is architecture that explains itself-that does not lie. But the main point at issue between the Roman builders and the foreign lover of Rome is that the former are spoiling the ensemble of the city, spoiling the background against which the ancient monuments are set, and there the criticism of the imitative custom fails to the ground. The massive rusticated basement, which is found to be soft and white if you scratch its gray and apparently impenetrable surfaces, may be a sad delusion, but it does nothing, it is certain, to diminish the beauty of the genuine stone wall across the way. There lies the situation in a nutshell. Designing and coloring their buildings in the manner that has been indicated, the contemporary architects of Rome manage somehow to keep well within the limits of the traditior, which has made the city what it is to-day in its best preserved parts, It is true that their share in the maintenance of that tradition is largely of a negative character. but that is something. It is something to leave the observer free to make the transition from old to new buildings, and back again, as he walks the streets, without positive shocks to his aesthetic sensibility. Rome is still, as it has ever been, the one city in the world whose pleasures for the open-eyed pedestrian are unlimited. Palaces dating from the best years of the Renaissance still remain scattered over the city; others that are less remarkable, but hardly less meritorious, on the whole, are simply unnumbered in the records of the city; and there is probably no city of its size and density anywhere which has so many ravishing little gardens, bits of green, with fountains and flowers, that nestle within the very heart of stone walls and ringing pavements. Beneath the writer's window, in a house that would hardly be suspected of it, there plays all day and all night a great splashing fountain, and around it are trees and heavily laden flower-bushes. This scarcely savors of the utilitarian vandalism with which Roman landlords have been loosely charged, as though they were unwilling to leave a foot of Roman soil free from some money-getting construction. The truth is that the Roman landowner, with all his sins, shows uncommon moderation and sagacity where his American prototype would often spare nothing to bring in rents. The Roman builder has much to learn. The apartments in which seven-eighths of Rome live are never quite perfect. You pay as much as 130 or 150 francs, and even more, for an apartment, and then it is either too big or too small. But that is neither here nor there. The main contencity of its size and density anywhere which

No Alum No Adulteration

Baking Powder It's a perfectly pure

cream of tartar powder. The best that money can buy,

tion is that the condemnation of the R
house-builder as a malicious Philistine is
and should cease.
People visit Rome once in two years or the second time they

and should cease.

People visit Rome once in two years of and when they come the second time they to find that Rome has stood still. The provides a most in/eresting case in point. has been the foreign: outcry against the embankment. It was denuding the embankment. It was denuding the of all their old lazy growths, of all they mossy greens, of all their strange distributions and life in order that the occasional tourist as gratify his sense of the picturesque? It would hard to imagine a sillier demand, and especially in view of the handsome walls which have not the sides of the Tiber. The new stone but deserve the same commendation. They stately, dignified monuments open to no administration and the sides of the Tiber. in view of the handsome walls which have on the sides of the Tiber. The new stone but deserve the same commendation. They are stately, dignified monuments open to no adverticism. When the Pofite St. Angelo is put order (as is being done rapidly) the unsisting of the control o

THE BADGE SAVED HIM.

THOUGH WAR MIGHT RAGE THEY WERE BROTH ERS STILL

sixtleth annual dinner of Gamma Beta was guests, of all ages and from all parts of the land.

The feast was ended when the Captain arose from his place near the head of the board. Straight of figure and alert of eye, he bore his sixty year

"Boys," said the Captain, "I haven't been to Gamma Beta dinner for forty years-the last time I went I was a boy in college. As I look around me, I am glad I am not the oldest alumnus here, for I feel as young as any freshman. But I came here to-night to tell you a story, and if you have patience to hear me, I may as well begin. Remember, we old ones are garrulous at times, and stop me when you have had enough."

His audience was all attention, and the Captain lighted a fresh cigar, blew out a puff of smoke, and

"I was the first Northern man to plant cotton in Arkansas after the war. The State had declared for the Union early in '64, but there was plenty of lawless secessionism about, and a Northerner's life and property were none too safe. Before I had been long at my planting I got a notice from some of my secessionist friends that I must stop operations or leave the district if I had any regard for ort, they gave me to understand that nearest tree as sure as my name was Jim Roberts. Now I didn't intend to stop planting, and I didn't intend to be hanged, so I went ahead, and told them they could hang me-if they could cate

"About a month after that I was riding alone across country one afternoon to get a little business done in the nearest town. As I entered a lonely piece of road a dozen men jumped out of the woods, pointed their guns at my head, and ordered me to halt and dismount. I saw I could do nothing but surrender at discretion, so I came down from my horse and was marched off in silence. In a few minutes we turned into a lane that led deeper into the woods, and kept on until we came to a little clearing. One of my friends brought out a ropa slung one end of it over the limb of a con-

minutes we turned most and the clearing. One of my friends brouget out a rope, slung one end of it over the limb of a convenient tree, and had the other end slip-knotted around my neck in a jiffy.

"Probably none of you has ever felt a hangman's rope around his neck, so you can't appreciate the state of my feelings at that time. I'll tell you, if felt pretty serious, and thought my lease of life had run out for certain. But a man clings to life had run out for certain. But a man clings to life at such times, and all at once I had a happy thought. I remembered that I had a package of excellent clgars in my pocket, and i drew to out. "Gentlemen, I said, with as much coolness as I could muster, 'I know that I have but a few minutes more to live. I want to ask one favor, Give me time to smoke out a cigar before you will find them most excellent." "My captors grimly assented, and we lighted our 'weeds' together. No one said a word. Well, boys, I made that cigar hold out, you may depend, But it would burn. Little by little, the ash begus to get longer and drop off, until there was just setting stump, measuring its small remainder cliffing stump, in the company. 'Hello, boys,' he called out, 'who've you have you you here?' 'We've got Roberts, and we're going to hang him,' said they. 'All right,' said the company. 'Hello, boys,' he called out, 'who've you you not here?' 'We've got Roberts, and we're going to hang him,' said they. 'All right,' said the small him,' said they. 'All right,' said the same time grasping my hand with the god and here.' 'Me've got Roberts, and we'll sink here,' and the captain touched a jewelled moneyer, and the captain touched a jewelled moneyer, and the captain touched a jewelled moneyer. When you have you got here?' we'

THE WAYS OF THE MILKMAN. From The London Daily News.